

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP

IN RELIGION

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

[NUMBER 24.]

## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL—

Notes: Homes held in Trust; the Pittsburgh Method; Mr. Bradley's Word about Bergh; Morse's Smaller Bust of Emerson; Dr. Channing of Pasadena; "The Pest in Rome;" John Howard Bryant; A Comforting Thought; Four New Unity Tracts; By-words in the School-room; Plans for Unity Clubs; Dana's Eight Rules of Journalism.....	311
The Three Rs in Unity Club Work.—W. C. G.....	312
The "Country Week,"—A New Method.—W. C. G.....	313
Faces.—W. C. G.....	313

### CONTRIBUTED—

The After Twilight Moon—CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.....	315
--	-----

Emerson's Divinity School Address—J. C. L. ....	315
---	-----

Picturesque Wisconsin—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD .....	316
--	-----

### THE STUDY TABLE—

"The Science of Politics;" "In Nesting Time.".....	317
--	-----

### THE HOME—

August—E. G. B.....	317
---------------------	-----

Oakland—MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.....	317
-------------------------------------	-----

A Plain Little Girl.....	317
--------------------------	-----

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.....	318
---------------------------	-----

ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	319
--------------------	-----

## Freedom and Fellowship in Religion.

A collection of Essays and Addresses, with an Introduction on the Religious Outlook.

### CONTENTS.

The Nature of Religion. By DAVID A. WASSON.	
The Unity and Universality of the Religious Ideas. By SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.	
Freedom in Religion. By SAMUEL JOHNSON.	
Religion and Science. By JOHN WEISS.	
Christianity and its Definitions. By WILLIAM J. POTTER.	
The Genius of Christianity and Free Religion. By FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.	
The Soul of Protestantism. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM.	
Liberty and the Church in America. By JOHN W. CHADWICK.	
The Word Philanthropy. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.	
Religion as Social Force. By EDNAH D. CHENEY.	
Voices from the Free Platform. Extracts from addresses by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, O. B. FROTHINGHAM, CHARLES H. MALCOLM, CELIA BURLEIGH, D. A. WASSON, SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, C. D. B. MILLS, FRANCIS E. ABBOT, RABBI ISAAC M. WISE, JULIA WARD HOWE, C. A. BARTOL, ROBERT DALE OWEN, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, T. W. HIGGINSON, JOHN WEISS, LUCY STONE, A. BRONSON ALCOTT, F. B. SANBORN, WENDELL PHILLIPS, HORACE SEAYER and LUCRETIA MOTT.	

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Mr. Simmons, in "The Divine Unity," impresses the same truth of the one divine Life present everywhere. He shows what Mr. Savage, perhaps had not time to indicate,—that the best and highest thought has always been in this direction. The great seers, from the times of the Hebrew Scriptures, had said nearly the same things. They would have been quite at home with this later modern thought. What is it, then, to be a son of God? It is to stand by order and law; it is to be a peacemaker. For every one "who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

If one now needs to raise the question what revelation this God of our modern thought has made, Mr. Chadwick's chapter ought to give large and happy assurance: "There is nothing but revelation. The universe is full of visions and voices." "Never has the revelation of God assumed such grand proportions or so grave a charm, such an awful splendor or such penetrating sweetness as at the present time. And it comes as one of old, not to destroy, but to fulfill." Neither does Mr. Chadwick shrink in easy optimism from confronting the dread problem of evil, which, indeed, he justly surmises could not but be in a world that has to learn the heights of moral good and love.

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# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

[NUMBER 24.]

## EDITORIAL

How the mothers bless the homes in the great cities that take in their boys! It seems to us that the possession of a beautiful happy home is justifiable only when held in trust,—as a place to which the homeless have a right.

"Yet show I unto you a more excellent way." This time Pittsburgh does so by fining and sending to jail a real estate owner who knowingly rented out his properties for immoral purposes. A better way than of grappling with the evil than by making a raid when the mayor's conscience gets ready.

"WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S voice rang out in behalf of negro emancipation and its echoes will be heard for many a generation. Mr. Bergh spoke for the emancipation of the dumb animals from cruelty. I am not certain but his work had the larger meaning. It was a great era truly that opened up as the smoke of the war rolled away. But it was his brother man whom man redeemed by the bloody sweat of the battle-field. When Henry Bergh lifted the saddle from the galled back of the overworked horse, what came? Was it the era of a still wider brotherhood?" So Mr. Bradley queries in a sermon published by the Humane Society of Quincy, Ill. A prophecy in a question.

Not long ago we printed a line from Edward Emerson praising highly Sidney Morse's bust of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson: "It recalls the beauty and strength which were in part passed away when Mr. French made his—wonderful as that was for the late day at which he knew my father." We expressly referred these words to Morse's larger bust of Mr. Emerson, but in doing so were mistaken. They were written of the smaller bust made by the same sculptor,—the one that costs but \$7.00 instead of \$20.00. The thought that a hundred times as many persons, then, can afford to own the face on which the son of Emerson bestows such praise makes it a genuine pleasure to confess the mistake.

Our Chicago Unitarian headquarters received a new consecration on Monday, August 6th, in a brief visit from Doctor Channing, of Pasadena, Cal., son of the sainted William Ellery Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism in America. It gave one a new feeling of the reality and power of Doctor Channing's life to talk with this sweet and gentle soul who had stood with his father through the trying years of the anti-slavery struggle, had ministered to his failing strength in the last years of his life, and had caught the inspiration of his broad, humane and progressive spirit. All blessings go with this son of an honored father, and may kindly hands guard him across the great plains and mountains of the West, and bring him safely to his home on the Pacific slope.

From a friend abroad: "I have found my picture. Do you remember a Delaunay in the Luxembourg,—'The Pest in Rome?' The white-winged Angel of Good directs the bad Angel how many blows to strike on the door of a mansion; as many blows, so many deaths within. Around are dead and dying in the street, but nothing repulsive. In the distance, beautiful glimpses of architectural forms. The composition, the rich yet sombre coloring, are superb.

And the idea is fine. Pestilence is from evil,—the blow is struck by the angels of darkness,—but directed, overruled, that is, by mercy and good. The Good Angel, one feels, could not save the city from the fate it has evolved; but she poises above, just above the level of their woe. And beneath her is the hand that deals the sentence."

"I WONDER if you know that Bryant has a brother somewhere in the great West, who, if he had given his life to literature, might have made as great a writer as the poet." The question was "wondered" in a London drawing-room the other day; and when the Princeton traveler, who answered, "Yes, I know him well," went on to Edinburgh, a little Quaker woman asked her there, "Does thee know John Howard Bryant, who lived and worked in slavery days on the line of the great Underground Road to Liberty? Wendell Phillips told me of him long ago." The good man, remembered thus abroad, has long been the "first citizen" of Princeton, Ill.,—earning the title by the same qualities of character and public spirit that gave his brother the corresponding title in New York. As his birthday comes around in July, the neighbors keep the festival. Last year—his eightieth—his townsmen honored him. This year it was the women's turn. Eighty-one of them—a friend to match each year—gathered at the old man's home to crown him with flowers and honoring speech. "Flowers in his hair, on his shoulders, in his pockets, flowers all about and around him. It seemed that every bud, vine and blossom which he had loved, and whose beauties he had sung, had come to greet him on his birthday." The praise was woman's praise, direct and loving. "I like and trust a man who knows the hermit-thrush, who finds the earliest violet and seeks the latest aster; a man who loves sunshine more than gold, and who in the wind finds good company." "Ever since we can remember anything, we can remember you. You are part of home to us, like the sky, the trees, the flowers, the grass. We cannot think of Princeton without Mr. Bryant any more than we can think of Princeton without all these other attributes. You belong to our past, our present—and the future is immortal." So came their heart-words. The UNITY women—and men—would reverently send their gratitude to one who so long has taught by illustration, "how beautiful it is to be alive."

Our types the other day (page 268) made havoc of a sentence in the sermon on "The Sparrow's Fall." It should have read as follows:—*Where did that tenderness of theirs originate? Where but in Mother Nature, whose offspring such men are? "Whatever is in them was first in it." Because, in the order of nature, you pity me, love me, and give yourself to pain for me; because you long unspeakably to comfort me; because the sudden tragedy makes the whole village blossom with self-forgetting friendliness; because the sufferers themselves are often eager to add pain to pain in martyrdoms of love; and because such tenderness more surely streams forth and more widely circles as the race improves,—in a word, because, in the order of Nature and by her creating, there are mothers and fathers and Christs, therefore it is that we believe in Love at the heart of all the Law. Good men and women are embodied arguments that God is good.—So said the sermon. But a friend's way of wording the same simple logic will reach so much farther that we have asked permission to pass on to others, who may*



sometime need its comfort, the sudden thought that gave one heart rest. Our friend wrote: "If you want to write a sermon on the divinity of human nature, come to me for information. I couldn't shed a tear until people were so kind to us. When we were sitting here by ourselves, feeling that God didn't care, and nobody could help, and we must bear our trouble the best way we could, a friend came in. She had learned that we were suffering. She was so good. And soon we saw another coming. She staid all day, and then ——— came and was just as comforting as mortal could be. Our nearest neighbors would not let us give a thought to our table, but brought in everything for two days; and one of them, who has not been well, knew that liquids would be swallowed when solids could not. (And I mean to remember that when I know of some one else in trouble). Still another friend insisted on staying all night in the house. All day long people had come. When people were so very, very good, the thought came to me,—*'Where did they get this loving kindness, if not from the Father? And if they are so kind, what must He be!'* Then I felt that He *did* care, and let our poor one go if she wanted to so much. God pity all suffering people and make the happy ones happier!"

Four new tracts are ready in the Unity series. The first is called "Channing and the Unitarian Movement in the United States," by Daniel L. Shorey, the President of the Western Unitarian Conference. It sketches the rise of the liberal movement among the old Puritan churches of Massachusetts eighty years ago. Channing's part in the controversy which gave the liberals the name of Unitarians, the continuing growth of thought which soon brought Emerson and Theodore Parker into being, but into being as the first heretics of Unitarianism, and finally Channing's spiritual fellowship with these young heretics while agreeing theologically with the elder men. It is the story in a nut-shell, and the nut-shell is called "Unity Short Tract No. 11," taking the place of a similar tract by another, now out of print.

"The Family Purse," by J. Vila Blake, tells who is the proper agent of expenditure in family life, and the three main laws by which family expenses should be governed. A friend sent money to make it "Short Tract No. 22."

The third is by Arthur Judy, on the use of Opportunity, the impressive life-sermon printed last April in our paper, from the text "I shall not pass this way again." Friends who saw its value sent money to give it permanence as "Short Tract No. 23." Each of these three tracts costs 1 cent, mailed, or 100 copies for 60 cents.

The fourth, "Concerning Immortality," re-fills niche "No. 3," long empty in the larger "Unity Mission Series." It aims to show, by extracts from several writers, what modern thought and science are saying about the world's great hope. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the English theist, in an allegory called "The House on the Shore of Eternity," points to powers in the soul that seem to need another life than this to give them scope and function. William Salter, of the Ethical Culture Society, gives reason for his glowing faith that we are "Not Waifs." Henry Simmons shows that physical science, so far as it offers hint at all concerning the mystery, describes matter uniformly growing more vigorous in action as it grows invisible. Minot Savage emphasizes mesmerism, clairvoyance and the like phenomena, which, if they do not prove the theory of Spiritualism true, reveal powers in us so independent of the ordinary senses and means of communication as to suggest the possibility of the soul's life wholly separate from the present body. Some noble sentences from Ralph Waldo Emerson, and verses from Charles Ames, finish the tract. It is 13 pages long, costs 5 cents mailed, 10 copies for 25 cents, and will, we hope, be widely called for.

"NEVER trouble trouble until trouble troubles you." So a wise New York teacher taught, and children remembered this word when they forgot the geography and mathematics. By-words *thrown in*, like this, count for so much in a school! Were the total raising power of a school-room to be analyzed and tabulated, like the raising power of yeast-powders, we fancy the table might stand thus,—but we would like some teachers' estimates:—

	Per cent. of influence.
The teacher's self.....	30
By-words thrown in.....	10
Text-books and class-work.....	30
Schoolmates .....	30
	100

THE plans for next winter's Unity Club work are already arriving. Cleveland sends hers. It is to be a study of Greek Life and Literature, from Homer to Demosthenes. In Unity church, St. Paul, the young men are going to study the Constitutional History of the United States. The "Old South" lecture programme, noticed in our last issue, would make an interesting course for 1888-89 class study; the main studies and papers illuminating some notable event that fell in, or near, the '88 or '89 of its respective century, and the evenings rounding out with shorter stories of other '88 and '89 events, or reports of what was going on at the time in England, France, etc., and in religion, literature, discovery, etc. Here is the list of main events and subjects:

- 1089. Lanfranc died. *Subject*, "The Great Schools after the Dark Ages."
- 1189. Richard I. crowned. *Subject*, "Richard the Lion-Heart d, and the Crusades."
- 1289. Dante at the battle of Campaldino. *Subject*, "The World which Dante Knew."
- 1384. Wyclif died. *Subject*, "The Morning Star of the Reformation."
- 1492. America discovered. *Subject*, "Copernicus and Columbus, or the New Heavens and the New Earth."
- 1588. Spanish Armada. *Subject*, "The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote."
- 1688. William of Orange lands in England. *Subject*, "The Puritans and the English Revolution."
- 1789. Washington inaugurated, and the Bastille fell. *Subject*, "Lafayette and the Two Revolutions which he Saw."

#### THE THREE Rs IN UNITY CLUB WORK.

"The three Rs in Unity Club work are Reading, 'Riting and Arguing." So says a friend near by. Classes planning for their winter study now should plan it with all three Rs in mind. Careful program-makers will so select and outline the course as to provide (1) *reading* for all members of the class to undertake at home; (2) subjects for more special study, to be *written* on,—one or two, at least, to each member; (3) such subjects for this reading and writing that a good half of every meeting can be spent in eager talk—in "*arguing*," if no better kind of talk be possible—about the matters read and written on.

It takes all three Rs to make a class thoroughly successful and its work a pleasure and a profit to a winter's end. For the Reading, if faithfully attended to, makes everybody in the club read slowly and thoughtfully two or three noble books during the winter months,—a consummation devoutly to be thanked for in this age of magazines and newspapers and of very busy men and women. To this great good the 'Riting adds another all its own, and so great, this, that the writers, even those who wince and dodge the worst, uniformly confess afterwards, "Those two papers that I wrote did more for me than all the rest of it together." The women who "never could and never can write, and must really be excused," and those men who are "too busy earning bread to give the study which writing a paper takes," are the very women and the very men who most *need* the hard refreshing of this mental feat, and who, having dared it, enjoy most the sense of education and enrichment which the un-



wanted effort leaves behind. And the Arguing, the talk around the circle,—not side-talk, not ramble-chatter, but mind-talk centered on the subjects in hand—this is what makes the club evening the one of all the week looked forward to and backward to,—“Better lose the concert!” For nothing so exhilarates as assisting at a mind-talk.

Most clubs omit or slight, at least, one of this trinity of Rs. Did not yours, last winter? Some clubs make little of the Reading, and therefore abound in unwise virgins who want to be at the bright wedding, but bring no oil in their lamps. Some make their program so varied and so vast that reading for it becomes practically impossible. These are the “hop, skip and jump” clubs. The best way probably is to so narrow the program that the main reading shall concentrate on one or two books, which all can afford money and time to make their own, while those with more time at command can read collaterally as they will. This chosen field, of course, should lie in the high places of thought and literature.

Other clubs provide well for their Reading, but either promise “No ‘Riting here,” or, on the other hand, spend too much of the precious evening—once-a-fortnight in courteous and sleepy listening to long written papers. Still other clubs take due thought for both these Rs, but select poor subjects for the Talk. They forget that Brown and Jones and Smith, and possibly Mrs. Brown and Jones and Smith—faithfully reading, too,—have hardly knowledge enough on some subjects to carry briskly the question-end of the conversation, to say nothing of the answer-end. In such cases if Brown has the compensating wisdom of modesty, he may think he has no opinions to take out talking, and so may keep the whole Brown family at home.

The moral is, that all three of the Rs should be remembered in planning for the study-class. w. c. g.

#### THE “COUNTRY WEEK,”—A NEW METHOD.

The “Country Week” is an arrangement by which children from the poorest, hottest, sickliest districts of the large cities are sent out into the green fields and milky ways of the country for a summer week. Sometimes it is called the “Fresh Air Fund.” It is one of the new charities, or the new justices, of Christendom. Boston now sends out over 3,000 children this way every year; Philadelphia over 4,000. New York has a number of summer agencies sending out we know not how many; for instance, Heber Newton’s church alone has its own seaside home where it entertains three or four hundred. Cincinnati has begun, and probably other cities. Chicago began last year. The *Daily News* (the papers and railroad companies are generous helpers everywhere in this work) stirred up a public interest that supported a Lakeside Sanitarium for sick babies, and a Home at Highwood. Last year, too, the guests at Lake Geneva opened a Home near by themselves for the little ones, and this year the *Tribune* is fostering that Home, which has been enlarged. And other little beginnings have been made,—nothing systematic, nothing large, but enough to show that Chicago is awaking to the need. The *Inter Ocean* is getting interested in it. This year will prove rehearsal, we believe, for something much better in 1889.

The “Country Week” is, of course, a two-ended enterprise. It has a city end and a country end. At the city end the children have to be selected, prepared (sometimes cleansed and clothed), collected at the station and taken to the country homes. It is a work requiring judgment, tact and time,—and system, if the work is to be enlarging work. Only an efficient committee should undertake it. To the city end, too, belongs most of the money-getting and the finding of the country homes, and in general the whole initiative and direction.

The country end has usually been managed in one of three ways. (1). Good folk not a few have received the city waifs as guests. (2). Friendly farmers have been found to

board them at low rates and look out for their good times. (3.) “Summer Homes” have been established with a matron in charge, to which twenty, thirty, fifty children are sent. The children come and go in relays, each set having from one to two weeks of the country stay. Of the three ways the second proves generally the easiest and most convenient. It admits of indefinite expansion, limited only by the supply of money; and both the other ways, we believe, show tendency to revert to this boarding plan. Boston and Philadelphia experience shows that the cost per child and per week on this plan is between \$2.25 and \$2.50. Think what that means. You are going to leave your comfortable city home and have six weeks in the country; it will cost you \$8 or \$10 a week. First, send \$2.50—the price of one long ride—to the “Country Week Association;” it will give some white-faced child from a tenement house, or some sick mother, or a worn-out sewing girl, one week of your happiness.

But in Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, a new way of managing the country end has been devised. It has not yet been tried long enough to make it an assured success, but after five weeks’ trial it promises so well and runs so easily that we see not why every suburb that fairly reaches fields and woods should not do the same good and have the same joy in it. An empty house was borrowed from a kind owner, and a mother-woman, brave and of much faith, volunteered to take charge of it for a month. A central committee of five ladies—all the village churches being represented—obtained from neighbors the necessary tables, chairs, dishes, cots and bedding, all of the simplest sort; and this committee keeps permanent oversight of the work, meeting every Friday morning. The food is sent in cooked, three ladies furnishing one day’s complete supply (three meals), so that nothing but the morning oatmeal or a cup of tea is cooked upon the premises. A sub-committee secures these seven-times-three contributors for the week; the next week a new committee serves, securing another twenty-one. Each house-wife has practically given so far but one meal, or its equivalent, to the Home. The house holds ten to fifteen guests, a new relay coming as the old one leaves each Monday morning. Most of the guests—children and mothers—have been sent by various city missions. In the main they take care of their own good times, but the village people help with rides and now and then a picnic. That is the whole of it. It does its little good—not little to some of the recipients; it gives its own real pleasure to the workers; it interests and combines the villagers, rich and poor, in kindly work; it is certainly very cheap, and can be done very quickly. It almost does itself in a village where a friendly feeling exists, and where a few efficient women dwell. Should one object that it takes *too little* money, the car fares being the chief cash expenditure, that trouble might be obviated by paying two months’ rental for the house and employing a matron. How easily the \$200 needed could be gathered in any of our dormitory-suburbs of Chicago, to say nothing of the share which city folk would gladly give.

Why could not some other suburb try the thing, perhaps this very August and September? Next year why could not twenty villages around Chicago have each their little Home of this kind, holding fifteen each? Twenty homes  $\times$  fifteen guests  $\times$  eight July and August relays = 2,400 children and sick mothers and tired working girls given a “Country Week.” A blessed equation to make real—or to try to. w. c. g.

#### FACES.

Everything is wonderful and opens into the vast: why select the human face and call that of all things visible, the greatest wonder? Not because it is a rarity,—none so poor as not to own one face. Not because it is little known; a child can read the secrets in a face,—it takes a wise man to



read the secrets of a pebble or a leaf. It takes no school or text-book to tell what a smile, a frown, a blush, a wrinkle mean. Not for any strangeness, then, but for this reason, because of all the visible world the human face is the spot on which what we call "mind" comes nearest to the surface of what we call "matter." Language reveals to the ear the unseen self within us thinking; the face reports to the eye that unseen self within us feeling. Of all the sounds on earth a *word*, of all spots on earth a *human face*, to make us know there is a world within the world. Therefore are these two things the arch-wonders of creation.

We walk down street and five hundred of these play, parade and battle grounds of feeling drift by us in unconscious panorama. No two alike. Within this third of a square foot of moulded, tinted skin, which a hand can hide, the hillocks round so variously, the hollows curve so curiously that to each face we set a different name and hardly think of confounding them. Three strangers saunter towards us: not three bodies nor three dresses, but three faces are what we look at, each with heart and mind and soul recorded on it,—if only we have eyes to read such charts. And many we do read, and we say: That one loves himself; that one loves his cash; that one his home and children; that one his beer and beef. This one has music in her face. Here comes one whose face, for we have known it long, shows gains of mind and character; and here one whose face-change these last five years proclaims that he has been losing himself in gaining his money,—the debit and credit sides of his transactions are posted in his features plainly as on his ledger. Here is a child who carries "that 'Open Sesame' in his countenance which gives him entrance to every heart;" and here a child whose only entrance is through the gates of pity. Here is innocence and ignorance coming towards you; here the cold eyes make you shudder at the knowledge that lies within, and you think of Buchanan's verse:

"Oh, the sound of the city is awful  
As the people pass to and fro,  
And the friendless faces dreadful,  
As they come, and thrill through you, and go."

Try an experiment at your next party; stand by the wall and take partners with your eyes and see how many you know without an introduction. Those illustrations in Thackeray and Dickens, which used to seem such caricatures of ball rooms, are almost photographs, if we mentally cut off these bodies at the neck and see just the set of bobbing heads smiling, chattering, nodding to each other. It is like walking through a fair, with showmen's tents all round, each with its placards out of the marvels to be seen inside; you know where to go for the lion, and where for the five-legged lamb, and where for the clowns, and where for the wax-figures, and where for the "Happy Family." The placards on the faces tell you.

Steadily the world within prints itself upon features and expressions in flashing changes that come and go with the moment, in creeping changes that loiter through the lifetime, in the still slower changes for which generations are needed and which settle a nation's type of face. We have watched the process going on in every baby's countenance as the forehead fills up and the features march out to expressiveness. Perhaps our mother's pride in us led her to preserve our early selves in series of photographs, and we laugh now over the stages of our cubbishness as we stole from our nonentity towards the glory of our present perfectness. Two school-boys separate: years afterwards a man walks into your room and shows, before he speaks one word, by the lines around his mouth, what dissipation in the foreign land has wrought in the boy you used to play tag with; or else the strong lines of manly energy show at a glance their story of the untold life. Of those who went into the war, it was not only the dead and wounded on whose faces war left its mark: some came back with eyes

hardened by wild usage,—other faces the war glorified into a look such as the peace-years never saw. Colonel Shaw, the hero of Fort Wagner, who was buried in the trenches with his negro soldiers, left college with a gentle, boyish face a year before the war broke out. As one stood wondering at the altered features of his pictures taken during the battle-years, his mother told how swiftly strength added itself to sweetness in the lines, as the quick months of earnest purpose passed. Sooner or later on all our faces happens something like that which happened on the great Dante's face. We know his haggard, rock-like features well. It is supposed they were copied from a mask made after his death. But a few years ago, under the white-washed wall of a Florence chapel, was discovered in bright fresh colors the face of the younger Dante, only twenty-odd years old, the Dante of the "Vita Nuova," painted there by his friend Giotto. Place Dante's death-mask and the picture side by side, and *interpolate* that life of disappointment, exile, persecution, of despair about his country, of aspiration towards one pure ideal, of love never to be realized—and the secret of the face-change is an open one. Over a smiling vineyard has flowed and stiffened the lava of fierce eruptions, and only the general conformation of the surface remains under the black, hard shroud. At times the process is reversed, and the vineyard and the fruitage and the peace of God rest at the end of life on that which at its beginning is unpromising enough.

Sometimes the transfiguration dawns almost as we watch. Miss Martineau knew a school-boy ten years old, who spent his whole Easter holidays one year in reading certain poems. "He came out of the process so changed," she says, "that none of his family could help being struck by it. The expression of his eye, the cast of his countenance, his use of words, his very gait, were changed. In ten days he had advanced years in intelligence." And often we have seen in children and in friends, in strangers, too, transfiguration *flash*, as "light that never was on sea or land" shot up the inward skies and haloed all the surface. There are three shining faces in the Bible, those of Moses, Jesus, Stephen. "Moses wist not that his face shone." "Jesus was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun." "Those who sat in the council, looking steadfastly on Stephen, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." It matters little what the fact in these stories actually was, but that which we can easily believe, with or without the legend, is that the high consecration to which each man had vowed himself lit up his face with an unearthly light. With each one it was the moment of a God's errand perfectly accepted, come what might; and what would come to two of the three was plainly death. Such a faith and such a purpose *to-day* would light a face. Suppose that one of us knew that this very week, "in some good cause not his own," he was to perish, if need be, and with utter gladness went working on to meet that fate, thinking of the cause and not the fate,—would not his altered face tell the tale and make the people wonder what bright spirit had possession of their friend?

W. C. G.

THE first of the eight rules of Journalism, laid down the other day by Charles A. Dana, the veteran editor of the New York *Sun*, sanctifies the worst feature of the great city dailies: "Get the news, and get all the news, and nothing but the news." We do not want *all* the news. "All the news" poisons the clean day. To read "all the news" is our dainty modern way of going to the bull-fight and the amphitheater, our stay-at-home way of visiting all dens of bloodshed and uncleanness. We would amend the rule to "Get the news, and sift the news; and of the news of sin print only that which one week later we should be sorry we had missed." That would leave enough for ache, for warning and for pity, and make the paper less a blackness on the morning.



## CONTRIBUTED.

## THE AFTER-TWILIGHT MOON.

Urn of April, wrought of gold,  
Hung above the pine-spears cold,  
Thou hast brimmed the dusk, and brought  
Dew upon the glebe of thought.

Urn of twilight, lifted up,  
Rimmed is thy enchanted cup  
With the songs unsung by day—  
Brimmed with odors of the May.

Goblet of the night, which she  
Holds in heaven daintily,  
Lo, around thy crystal brink  
Future poets muse and drink;

And about thy fane, behold,  
Kneel the stars, like priests in gold;  
And clouds before thy shrine swift whirl  
Clothed with vestments of soft pearl,

Prayers and tears of earth that seek  
God through voids and tempests bleak,  
And ascend, from star to star,  
To the calms where visions are!

Pure spaces rimming dawns pearl-white,  
And brooks, where floweth perfect light  
Drawn from life's eternal wells  
Beyond the morning's citadels!

Into thy shadowy couch of pine  
Sink, O Urn, and soft recline!  
Thou hast brimmed the dusk, and brought  
Dew upon the glebe of thought.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

## LIFE AND LABORS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## IV.

## Emerson's Divinity School Address.

(Concluded.)

It was well known, however, that though Emerson had left the pulpit he had not deserted the cause of religion. He intimated indeed that a man might need to leave the ministry in order to be a better minister. Young men preferred to hear him speak on this subject before all others. And so it happened that the graduating class of 1838 of the Divinity school at Cambridge invited him to address them before they entered upon their work. It was on the 15th of July just fifty years ago, and that address has not been forgotten, and is more alive and influential to-day in the sphere of religious thinking than ever before. It is the true declaration of our religious independence. It deserves to be read and honored annually in July as faithfully as men have read and honored the declaration of our national independence. Emerson was true to himself on this occasion, though he knew he could say little in accord with traditional Unitarianism. He saw in the lavish and fulsome adulation of Jesus, in the outcry made over skepticism in which Unitarians sought to outdo orthodoxy, only a covert skepticism, a want of faith in the moral truths of Jesus' teaching, as though the religion of God, or the very being of God, were dependent upon what we say of it!

Upon the publication of this discourse orthodoxy rejoiced in seeing its predictions fulfilled, but Unitarianism lifted up its hands in holy horror. Emerson said a new revelation was needed; this first full declaration of his faith was a "new revelation" to many. The moral sentiment of man, he said, "is divine and deifying;" "is an inlet into the deeps of reason." This sentiment lies at the foundation of society,

and successively creates all forms of worship. Great as Jesus was, and there have been none greater, Christianity is everywhere corrupted. "It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the personal Jesus. The soul knows no persons. By this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man. The manner in which his name is surrounded by such expressions which were once sallies of admiration and love, but are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous liking." This phraseology "paints a demigod" as the Orientals or the Greeks would describe Osiris or Apollo." Christianity even said, "This was Jehovah come down out of Heaven. I will kill you, if you say he was a man! The idioms of his language and the figures of his rhetoric have usurped the place of his truth, and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes. The time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness."

"Historical Christianity destroys the power of preaching by withdrawing it from the exploration of the moral nature of man. I think no man can go with his thoughts about him into one of our churches without feeling that what hold the public worship had on men is gone or going. It has lost its grasp on the affection of the good and the fear of the bad. And the motive that holds the rest there is now only a hope and a waiting." Yet "what greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor. Society lives to trifle, and when men die we do not mention them.

"The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past; that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man—indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology.

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Yourself a new-born word of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity and acquaint men first hand with Deity. Live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind.

The forms of the churches are full of deformity. "The remedy to their deformity is first soul, and second soul, and evermore soul. O my friends, there are resources in us on which we have not drawn. Speak the very truth, as your life and conscience teach it, and cheer the waiting, fainting hearts of men with new hope and new revelation.

"I look for the hour when that Supreme Beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also." "I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that He shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart, and shall show that the ought, that duty is one thing with science, with beauty and with joy."

Upon the publication of this address there broke out a war of pamphlets and periodicals. Parker said it was "the noblest, the most inspiring strain I ever listened to." But all the rank and file Unitarians heaped obloquy upon it and upon him. They made haste to wash their hands of any sympathy with such views, and their great regret was that it had been uttered under Unitarian auspices. Hereafter, they said, the right of the instructors of the Divinity school to veto the students' choice of a preacher must be affirmed. These lucubrations were declared contrary to Unitarian



teachings. Some ministers said Emerson was no Christian; others that he was an atheist. Andrews Norton discussed the new Gospel under the title of "The Latest Form of Infidelity." "Silly women and silly young men," "drawn away from their Christian faith" by these speculations, which were an insult to religion, made the situation alarming.

But Emerson remained undisturbed in his self-possession. He speaks of the affair in his correspondence with Carlyle as the "storm in the washbowl," but he does not reply to his assailant, or offer any defense for his positions, and there in the immortal address his sentences "lie as they befell, alive and warm, part of the human life and of the landscape and of the cheerful day."

Fifty years of science, of experience, and of thought have wrought a change so great that among all thoughtful Unitarians, and among many who do not take the name, the words of Emerson on the great themes of duty and religion are classed with the deepest, wisest utterances of mankind. The testimony of Matthew Arnold grows constantly more acceptable and true, that Emerson is "the friend and helper of all those who would live in the spirit." It was because he himself lived in the spirit that he can help us. It was because he consecrated his own inner life that it remains to all men's study, so fully rounded and gracious and fair. It was enriched with our common experience. He bore burdens patiently; he accepted truth meekly; he spoke it without partisanship, but bravely; and he will be honored as a sage, a prophet and a saint.

J. C. L.

#### PICTURESQUE WISCONSIN.

Of all the Western states Wisconsin is undoubtedly the most picturesque. Even those to whom the memory of Maine, or New Hampshire, or New York, is very dear, and who can think no other lands quite so beautiful as these, admit that Wisconsin comes nearer to them than any other state. It is fast becoming one vast summer resort for the South and for the people of Chicago. By all of her numberless lakes there are springing up cottages and camps. Her woods are full of tourists, and upon her rivers float many others in canoes. Since Mr. Thwaites wrote his charming book about a canoe voyage through the Rock, the Fox, and the Wisconsin, many other adventurous barks have been launched in search of such quiet pleasure.

To the dweller in Indiana or Illinois, where there is nothing to be seen but corn stalks and distance, Wisconsin looks like a new world; so also to the dweller in arid if sublime Colorado, or the sojourner in the marsh and mud of Missouri. Here we have a country broken by prairie and woodland, with gentle rolling hills, crested with trees, and at whose feet flow clear limpid brooks. There are enough beautiful prairies to make it an easy and profitable farming country, but none of vast extent. Many acres of native woods still stand in its most settled parts, and ridges and belts of trees dot almost its entire surface. There are sections where the bluffs are almost mountains, some of these entirely encircling paradisaical little prairies. Her lakes are her greatest pride, however, from that most beautiful of green sheets Geneva, very near Chicago, and the lake region proper about Oconomowoc where their name is legion, and where each one visited is lovelier than the last, to the inland sea, Winnebago, forty miles long, and grand old Superior guarding the north. Here at Ashland is the best hay fever country now known, and in the bay the Apostle Islands, with some of the finest views in the world. Far Duluth on her desolate rocks is almost if not quite as worthy of the sight. Near here you may see the roughest of mining camps and the immense pine "forests primeval."

If you will float down the wild Wisconsin, as did Father Marquette in the long ago, you will come to the dalles of

that river—or the Dells as it is commonly called. Here you will see a sight worth a long journey to enjoy. The river flows in the wildest tumult through high rocky banks, cleft and carved into a thousand fantastic forms, reminding one of the palisades of the Hudson, though far grander, and of the banks at Trenton falls, though much wilder than those delightful shores. Here are canons, modest and mild beside the canons of the Colorado, but quite as enjoyable as those inaccessible wonders, and here are the most beautiful wooded banks, and rocks overhung with exquisitely delicate vines and flowers for many miles. This is the most picturesque part of picturesque Wisconsin, and it is visited by delighted thousands every year. Not far distant is the famous Devil's lake, surrounded by its bluffs, which is as weird and lonely a spot as that described by Poe in *Ulalume*—"the dark tarn of Auber, in the ghoulish haunted woodland of Weir." From its black depths it is easy to fancy spirits rising, and I know of no spot which seems so likely to be Charon's ferry as this.

Had Whittier lived in Wisconsin all her beauties would ere this have been made known in song; but though Wisconsin has many bards, they have all been too busy looking within to find some new or strange emotion of which to write, to take time to sing of the sweet new land about them. Joaquin Miller has sung of his Sierras, and sung of them well; Whittier and Bryant and Longfellow of New England in songs that shall live long; the few poets of the South have done her loyal service; and Maurice Thompson by his genius is even redeeming Hoosierdom. Why, then, do not our poets sing of the fairest land of all? From the wooded slopes of her hills let them sound her praises; let them make her rivers historic like the Merrimack; and let her lakes become Killarneys through their pens.

Certainly neither Killarney nor Leman nor any of the best known of the old world waters, are more beautiful than our own Geneva or more worthy of a poet's praise. The translucent green of her waters has no counterpart, I think, in nature. It is something like the green of Niagara river, but far more delicate, and changes its shadings every hour of each day. Go and sit by it, ye tired and jaded of the crowded, weary cities, sit by it in quiet, or float upon it, for days or weeks, and you will get a new lease of life. Or if you have one of those "quick spirits" to whom Byron says quiet is a hell, get a spirited team of norses and a light vehicle, and drive for two or three months through picturesque Wisconsin, where for the most part the roads are good and the drives delightful, and if you do not find that there is interest and even rapture left in life I shall be much mistaken and disappointed. One who tried it wrote thus:

"Brightly billow the fields before me,  
Billows of oats and of tasseled corn,  
Waving, tossing, fleecy, feathery,  
Fresh with the dews of the early morn.

"Over the prairies speed our norses,  
Flinging their manes to the fitful breeze,  
Ring their hoofs on the startled roadway,  
Ring our voices in time to these.

"On and on as the sun climbs higher,  
Madly, merrily goes the race,  
Steeds ye are shod with the speed of tempests,  
Only the winds have so mad a pace.

"Wild, exultant, the blood is leaping,  
Flows like fire in the raptured veins;  
Joy and freedom and lofty daring  
Are all in the touch of the thrilling reins.

"Billow and billow, feathery oat-fields,  
Fields of barley and tasseled corn;  
Sparkle and sparkle, glittering hedgeways,  
Life will yield but one such morn."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.



## THE STUDY TABLE.

*The Science of Politics.* By Walter Thomas Mills. Funk and Wagnalls: New York.

This is a timely hand-book of Politics. It treats ably of the nature and purpose of government, of the duties and responsibilities of the citizen, of the ballot as a public trust, and of the character and claims of political parties. The folly of blind partisanship is exposed and the principle maintained that the party was made for man, not man for the party.

In his introduction to the book the author says: "It is offered to the public not with the feeling that nothing has been overlooked in this pioneer journey, but with the ardent belief that a more general consideration of the first principles of civil life, of the first duties of the citizen, and the means by which these duties may be efficiently performed, will help to render American Politics both honorable and 'practicable'."

This earnest discussion of the question of personal responsibility in performing the duties of citizenship is of value, especially to young men who are still untrammelled by party ties, and to those who are hesitating on the brink of forming new ones. One may not always accept the conclusions of the writer, but the book is suggestive and stimulating, and deserves a wide reading.

E.

*In Nesting Time.* By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 269. Price, \$1.25.

The various sketches in this attractive volume derive their largest interest perhaps from the fact that, as stated in the introduction, "they are genuine studies from life." Indeed no reader, with even an ordinary attraction toward these brave little denizens of the woods, could read this animated record of their small lives and peculiarities without unflagging interest. It is perhaps a drawback that the author's observations were principally of birds when not ranging at large through the forest; but, on the other hand, doubtless these observations were much more detailed and exact from that very fact. As the author very justly says if it be necessary to kill the birds and rob their nests in acquiring exact scientific knowledge of the anatomical structure of the feathered tribes, etc., certainly the day has now come when investigation may most profitably be conducted humanely in the more interesting study of their characteristics and habits. Toward this work such a book should prove an impetus, not alone to the author, but to the public as well, many of whom, wishing for more, will close the volume with regret.

## THE HOME.

## AUGUST.

The full moon beams on the ripening grain;  
The lovers walk late in the quiet lane;  
And the heat and the hush of the day proclaim  
'Tis August.

E. G. B.

## OAKLAND.

## VII.

I don't think there is any moral to the story I am going to tell you to-day about little Paul, but I wouldn't care for that if I could only make you hear the merry, rippling laugh that falls from his lips sometimes. It is so perfectly joyous that I am sure it would weave into your life like a bright golden thread.

The Franklins are blessed with some warm-hearted Irish neighbors, and you know neighbors of this nationality are

apt to be well supplied with dogs. Get several affectionate children, the dogs, and the generous neighbors together and one dog, at least, is very liable to change hands. I think now you can guess how "Cash" came to be the property of Deane, Lynn and Paul.

One summer morning a long time ago Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and Deane heard Paul's happy laugh and went to the door to see what amused him. I wish you might have looked over their shoulders. Cash was a queer dog, slim and half shaggy, with a yellowish brown coat, and soft brown eyes. His unusually short legs brought him quite near to the ground and gave him a very odd appearance, indeed. With some stray bits of rope and a little childish ingenuity, Paul had harnessed him, and hitched him to a small dry goods box for a wagon. On this the boy sat, leaning forward to slyly scratch the dog's back with a burr which he held between his thumb and finger—his eyes were brimming with mischief; and when the dog made an effort to run, and, finding his load too heavy to move, settled down despairingly, out bubbled the boyish laughter again. Mrs. Franklin didn't quite approve of the sport, and was going to cut it short immediately, but Paul grew so interested in his fun that he half rose and bent over to prick his canine play-mate once more with the burr, when away went the dog and box around the corner of the wood-shed, down the gang-way stairs, into every crook and nook of the cellar, where there was a great clatter and the box concluded to stay. But the dog was up and off like a shot across the fields in the direction of that Irish shanty, which was "home, sweet home," to all forlorn creatures—even the little pigs and half grown turkeys. At this point Paul's laughter was so irresistibly contagious that everybody else joined in. But Cash didn't see the joke, and never came back to live with the Franklins again.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

## A PLAIN LITTLE GIRL.

Once I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tint of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose!  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain  
Angels sent;  
So full many a beauteous thing,  
In the young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew,  
With a heavenly radiance bright  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,  
Plain or poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure  
Of the loveliness of worth?  
And this beauty, not of earth,  
Will endure.

—St. Nicholas.



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### NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

**Boston.**—The Young Men's Christian Union of this place give under their auspices a course of Sunday evening vesper services for young folk, to consist of four talks on "Four Solid Men of Boston," by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Boston. These are his topics: "Amos Lawrence, the Christian Merchant," "Horace Mann, and the New Education," "Charles Sumner—Prophetic Statesmanship," "Samuel G. Howe as Philanthropist." Too much cannot be done to encourage a reverent regard among the young for the noble spirits that have largely moulded any community.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale preaches on Sunday next at the Union services in King's Chapel. This Union service enables the people to keep up their church relations, at the same time giving pastors a needed rest.

—On Boston Common on Sunday open air preaching and open air concerts—both have large audiences.

—New England is full of "Country Week" children. On Saturday last "Oak Grove Creamery," in the suburbs of the city, gave five hundred newsboys a huckleberry picnic.

—Our Japanese missionary reports that four influential journals in this city and vicinity are always ready to print articles from his pen—a favor and a power not granted to any other missionaries. The latter publish their own local papers and can only circulate them among their converts. Mr. Knapp published in one of the widely read native papers an article entitled "The Japanese in search of a religion."

—Rev. Stopford Brooke proposes to attend the next National Unitarian Conference in the United States. He writes that he much desires to end his career in a republic instead of a monarchy.

**Warren, Ill.**—The Unitarian movement here is steadily growing in strength and favor in the community. A good degree of interest has been shown in the monthly meetings, and the location of these in Richardson's new block is all that could be desired for the present. During July the Rev. Miss Kollock, Universalist, of Englewood, preached here to large audiences and gave eminent satisfaction. During her stay she visited many of

the families and thus gave a personal impetus to the movement which it has heretofore lacked. On Saturday evening, August 4th, a number of interested friends met and organized a "Unity Circle" with full corps of officers. This will meet monthly on evenings preceding the monthly preaching. It starts out with a good deal of interest and promises to aid much in the advancement of the local cause. Too much praise can not be said in favor of the work of S. A. Clark, Esq., who has this object so much at heart. On Sunday, August 5, the writer preached twice here to good audiences. It is expected soon to organize a Sunday-school to augment the stability and future growth of this struggling, faithful society. H. D. S.

**Beneficial Associations.**—Some of our churches have in connection with them beneficial organizations, which in many cases have been made, and in still more cases will in future prove a wide beneficence. In connection with the society of the Rev. Chas. G. Ames, of Philadelphia, are established three of these excellent organizations, composed mainly of working people. In one of these the members pay 60 cents a month, being entitled when sick to a sum not exceeding \$5.00 a week and free medical attendance. They have at the church monthly lectures and various entertainments, and are privileged to take home books from the society's free library of 1,500 volumes. The Beneficial Associations dispense over \$5,000 a year, and aggregate seven hundred members. These figures are significant. If from every such seven-year-old church should radiate like rays of influence toward the working classes, doubtless mob, riot and strike would daily become more rare, and the life of the churches themselves correspondingly deepened and expanded.

**Hinsdale, Ill.**—The pulpit here will be supplied during the absence of the regular pastor for two Sundays successively by our Western secretary, Rev. John R. Effinger, and Rev. Mr. Fischer, of Sheffield, Ill. Mr. Gannett meanwhile will be recreating among the hills of Wisconsin lending his presence to the Unitarian assembly there, together with Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Joseph Waite, of Janesville; S. B. Loomis, of Lone Rock; Prof. William F. Allen, of Madison, Wis.; and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, all of whom are expected to speak. This annual Unitarian basket meeting, to be held in Helena Valley, Wis., August 11 and 12, will no doubt be full of pleasure and profit to all who gather there, and Mr. Gannett will return to Hinsdale physically and spiritually refreshed.

**Meadville, Pa.**—In a late number of the *Christian Register*, a correspondent states that beginning with five students the Theological School at this place in the last forty-four years had between three and four hundred students connected with it, and during the last year its students have been gathered from Maine, Washington Territory, Canada, District of Columbia and many midway states, and also from Sweden, Norway, England, Germany, Holland, Italy and Japan. Such wide circles of influence are significant and indicate how large a beneficence the endowment of this institution would prove. The prospect for an increased number of students the coming year (last year's attendance was thirty-eight) points still more strongly toward extending the corps of instructors and facilities for work such as a generous endowment would secure.

**St. Cloud, Minn.**—Up to Sunday, July 22, the committee of the recently organized Unitarian Society of this place had received subscriptions to the amount of \$5,000 and still \$1,000 more, they state, may be expected. The Sunday-school, recently organized, has

also caught the spirit of enthusiasm characterizing the movement—an excellent indication of the permanent future growth of the church. Five months ago the society here was organized. It is hoped that the dedication of the new church will be accomplished by the installation of a permanent pastor, the building being completed in the next two months.

**Philadelphia, Pa.**—The Spring Garden Unitarian Society of this place, by its financial experiments, offers encouragement to societies looking toward the free seat system. Says the annual Year Book, though no seats have been rented or assessments made: "It has required time, patience and some labor to work up a reliable and regular revenue; but the fact that all claims have been met, and that we enter on the new year square with the world shows that our people recognize the business side of spiritual affairs."

**Lawrence, Kas.**—Rev. C. G. Howland, of Lawrence, made us a call on Monday on his way through the city. He goes to spend a few weeks with friends in Michigan. In his absence his pulpit is supplied by members of his own congregation.

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## CHICAGO CALENDAR.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, August 12, services at 11 A. M.; Prof. Sidney Morse, of Philadelphia, will speak on The Poetry and Ethics of Emerson.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, August 12, services at 10:45 A. M. Sermon by the Rev. John R. Effinger.

THE WESTERN SECRETARY, John R. Effinger, is spending his vacation at home. Parties desiring to communicate with him or to see him by special appointment at the office, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, should address him during the month of August at 6730 La Fayette avenue, Englewood, Ill.

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